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M.P. News

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A Member of the Penal Press

Volume XI

STIR-TIS-TICS

Number 8

High Number	22 653	Low Number	14 550
Population Inside	262	Rothe Hall	137
Womans' Quarters	7	Ranches	18
Misc. Trusties	9	Total Count	434
		On Leave	1

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Ye Olde Editors Desk

In the recent furiously fought campaign of last year, Richard Nixor devoted considerable doting attention to those who he called the "Forgotten Americans;" these were the people that he referred to as "good people, decent people," as the "backbone of this nation of ours," and whom, he eulogized as the "hope of our nation:" During the campaign, Nixon held himself up as the man whom we could count on to lend a sensitive and receptive ear to the needs of these "Forgotten Americans", and whom he proceeded to identify as the great mass of hard - working, law-biding middle-class citizens, who are otherwise known as the Establishment. Undoubtly, Nixon's reason for calling these people the "Forgotten Americans" is that in the current turmoil over civil rights, war on poverty, and youthful rebellior, the contented, well-healed majority has been"forgotten." However, to those who have experienced the frustration fostered by the seemingly implacable social attitudes and callousness of the vast number of people toward minority problems of various groups, Nixon's designation of his "Forgotten Americans" comes out far from convincing, and then; even somewhat phoney. Too many people, Nixon's claim that the comfortable majority has been "forgotten", seems to be really nothing more than a way of saying;that this majority now feels threatened by the uprising of so many discontented, alientate blocs of Americans all at once - especially, the blacks and our youth of this country. In short, the middle-aged, middle-classed majority finds all of this noise discomforting. What the whole situation boils down to is reminiscent of the time in ancient histor

When some people at Jericho also found some noise discomforting; they chose to ignore it and fervently hoped that it would go away - until the wall came tumbling down.

Then, during the presidential campaign it was evident that Nixon has his "Forgotten Americans" mixed up. The real Forgotten Americans are the Indian,and then there's the poor, the disadvantaged, and those who have never been allowed to attain full status as firstclass citizens.Former Attorney General and then Undersecretary of State, Nicholas Katzenback points out that "the poor man is cut off from society - and from the protection of its laws. We make of him a functional outlaw."Although, most people realize that the poor man and the rich man, live under different standards and receive different treatment from the law, and this realization does not seem to make any kind of difference; the beat goes on. This is what prompted one student to remark, "Students see that legal channels don't work, but that take-overs do."

Then there's the discontent of our nation's youth today. Thses people are from all walks of life; not just the drop-outs and unscrubbed malcontents, as many people would like to believe, but also some of the most intelligent, responsible, and concerned of today's youth -the leaders of tomorrow. Seven years ago,shortly before the rebellion of our American Youth -the leaders of critical national issue, this writer read an article by David Reisman, one of the most prominent sociologist of our time. The subject of his article was political activism among students in Japan, and one of Reismans main points was this: "When significant numbers of students begin rebelling against a government(any government,any country) then something is drastically wrong with that country." The subject of his article was Japan, but during the seven short years since then, student protest has also become widespread throughout this country of ours, and as one of the SDS recently stated about American society in a Life magazine article, "If the system weren't full of faults we (the SDS) would be out of business."

So it is no wonder that the nations blacks, youth, and other groups became, and remained highly skeptical about Nixon's intentions of respecting their needs; this skepticism was only strengthened by his solicitousness to his so-called "Forgotten Americans."

It was soon after Nixon was elected President of the U. S., that he announced his appeal for "a quieter discourse on public affairs," for a simmering down of opposing passions and for "restoration of peace." Once again this sounds suspiciously like a plea to all the discontented factions to cut out all that noise, and give back to the established majority the comfort and complacency in affluence which was once theirs. Which brings to mind another disturbed person, a Maria Antoinette (who was living it up in the palace) addressing the people clamoring at her gate for bread, telling them to please shut up and go home. She also chose to wait and hope that the clamoring hordes would go away - but needless to say, they didn't.

Another way of coping with our society's problem has been suggested, besides ignoring the situation: The get-tough policy. When the Chinese decided to erect the Great Wall of China in order to insure their safty, it was the lowest members of the Chinese social system who suffered most. Slaves were used by the vested upper-classes to erect the barrier, and any of the slaves who fell under the weight of their hardships, sickness, or what have you, were buried as the wall was built right over them. However, what these vested individuals failed to recognize and take into account was that this practice of making the bodies and bones of those who fell by the wayside a part of the structure, weakened the structure from within, and insured that the wall would eventually crumble - after a considerable length of time. And it did. In much the same way, a barrier exists in our society between the established, "meaningful" people and the disadvantaged man who remains a "functional outlaw"; as a barrier which carries within its very existence the seeds of destruction, partly because it was erected at the expense of the blood of those who fell, and is weakened by that very ingredient - and partly because many people on both sides of the wall don't like what they see.

In short, Richard Nixon's praise for these "Forgotten Americans" and his appeal for "a quieter discourse" and "restoration of peace" appears to be nothing more than a plea to the discontented elements of this country to cease their protests because they are saying things which the majority does not like to hear. The protesters are saying things like: Certain groups are oppressed and discriminated against, in this land of the Redman, people

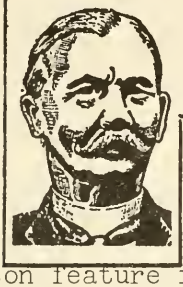
are living under miserable conditions of starvation and deprevation in this land of affluence, and our peace-loving nation is waging a cruel, needless, and costly war in Vietnam. They are saying that revolution cures corruption. Un pleasant thing, anxiety-producing things, which explode some of our cherished myths, and insist upon airing certain issues which our carefully developed euphemism and defense mechanism of denial usually conveniently covers up for us.

Problems such as violence, racism, mental illness, ad infinitum which threaten to topple the entire structure of our society can be like a large cancer which has been caused by a sickness of the body; if ignored, the cancer will only spread and destroy the body. If you try to cut it out, the "cure" will only kill the organism. The only possible cure is to treat the diseased cells and to arrest the spread of the cancer is by initiating preventive measures throughout the entire body. Both the cancer itself must be cured, and the body which is causing the cancer in the first place must likewise be treated. In this way, mush can be done to treat the cancer itself, and as time goes on, healthy cells will come to replace the malignant ones. In much the same way, we must realize that the disorder and discontented which pervade this country of ours, are the products of a sick society, and they loath the specific problems and that the overall society must undergo remedial measures. We can neither ignore the problem nor crush it by force. So far, President Richard Nixon has given every indication that he prefers to ignore the problem if he can, or to get tough, if he cannot ignore it; neither will work.

The Blackfeet - Piegan Indian Prayer

Maker of all

Give wisdom and understanding to my leaders,
Protect my warriors, and bring them back safe.
Give to the young, love and contentment.
Give health and long life to my old people;
So that they may remain with us a long time.
Make my enemy brave and strong,
So that if defeated, I will not be ashamed.
And give me knowledge, so I may have kindness for all
And let me live each day, so when day is done,
My Prayer will not have been in vain.



Nightkeeper

Published weekly in the Spectator, inmate written and edited newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison, Nightkeeper's Report has been acclaimed the most widely printed prison feature in the nation's 190 member Penal Press. Penned in neat Spencerian script by nightkeeper John H. Purves in the 1880's, the day-to-day reports chronicled occurances within the dark and gloomy confines of the prison. Today the reports are dust laden, worn and fragile. But entries abound in a crisply written and entertaining report of nights behind bars.

JULY 2 -A new prisoner has arrived from Detroit. He is Baker No, 9143, sentenced for two years for beating his wife in an argument over her buying a new hat. He is a very talkative fellow, one might even say too talkative. I had him called from his cell around 6:00 p.m., this evening and told him what was expected of him. He said he understood the rules perfectly well and that he was tired of hearing them from everyone he met. I reminded the culprit he would like the rules a lot less if he broke one of them, and sent him to his cell. Somehow I feel we have not heard the last from this man and he will bear watching.

JULY 3 -I am reporting Farmer, No 1879, for stealing cigars from the shop where he works. Guard Wilkinson inspected his cell late this afternoon while he was still working and found twelve whole cigars and one which had been partially smoked. They were folded neatly in a paper bag and tucked under the man's bunk. Upon his return from work I had him chalked in, awaiting disciplinary action. There was also a lot of noise, but it couldn't be traced down.

JULY 4 -The night past was spent in extreme quiet in spite of this being Independence Day. Last Night's disturbance probably played an important part in the behavior of the convicts. Most of them were so tired, they went to bed immediately following supper and remained quiet and unmoving throughout the night.

JULY 5 -There was a minor disturbance in the East Wing cellhouse tonight just before lights out. It seems some

one is imitating a crow. Every night at the time lights are to be turned out, he lets out several shrill calls then settles back and goes to sleep. Guard Sims has reported this same disturbance to me before, but he has tried in vain to find the guilty person. The party responsible for this noise reside somewhere on the second gallery.

JULY 6 -Every one in the prison has been quiet and orderly except the crank, Caswell. He has been very noisy, swearing that he has ghosts in his cell, but I think it was his conscience that bothered him. He demanded I move him elsewhere. Instead I gave him a stiff dose of bromide, which quieted his nerves somewhat. He didn't go to sleep however.

JULY 7 -The night past was spent in quiet except for minor disturbances in the West Wing cellhouse. A side door in the West Wing was found unlocked but jammed by Guard Sloan. He immediately reported this to me and I went personally to check it. I found the door to be jammed as he described it, and upon further investigation discovered the reason. Soap had been forced into the latch opening which prevented the latch from sliding into the slot. This is an old trick of convicts. I suspect this is an escape plot with much planning behind it, however, I am at a loss to explain how anyone could hope to use this door in the night time as the convicts are locked in their cells. The door is always left unlocked during the day which explains how anyone wishing to tamper with the lock could do so. I will have Guard Sloan inspect cells in the West Wing tomorrow for escape tools.

JULY 8 -The night just past was spent in quiet with nothing to report. Guard Sloan inspected every cell in the West Wing cellhouse and found nothing of importance which indicate an escape is in the making. However, I still think someone is up to no good and will maintain watchfulness.

JULY 9 -I am reporting Justice, No 1567, for fighting in the work. It seems he and another inmate have been arguing with one another for the past several weeks over the outcome of the Civil War. Justice is a rebel, from Georgia, and will fight at the drop of a hat. His competitor in the fracas is Brown, No.1978, who hasn't been in trouble since his confinement here four years ago. He and Justice were walking in line on their return to the

East Wing cellhouse when Justice suddenly swung his fist down on the back of Brown's neck, knocking him to the ground. Brown scrambled to his feet and made for his cell. Guard Skeeps, who was directing the line, brought Justice to me and explained what had happened, I tried to question Justice further about the trouble, but he would make no comment. I then went to Brown's cell and questioned him. He told me the whole story and left no doubt in my mind that Justice was to blame for the fight. I am not going to direct disciplinary action toward Brown for his part in the fight.

JULY 10 -Good order has prevailed throughout the night just past. It rained during the early evening and cooled off considerably before morning. It was, however, a bad night for me as my tooth kept hurting during the early morning hours.

The Real Wall

D.J.M

WHEREFORE COMES THIS FEELING
OF DESPAIR?
IS IT ANY DIFFERENT IN HERE,
WHEN I TRY TO LOVE, THAN OUT
THERE?
CAN THE INNER - MAN BE MORE
FREE, WHEN IN OR OUT, HE
DWELLS ON "ME"?
THE WALL THAT BREAKS MY SOUL
IS QUITE NEAR.
LET MY BODY GO, I SAY-LET ME
AGAIN BE FREE!
THE REAL TRUTH IS, MY GOD,
I HAVE NEVER BEEN FREE!
THE AWFUL TRUTH IS, THE REAL
WALL IS ME.

-The Pendleton Reflector

There Should be a Law by Rex Fletcher

(With apologies to the American Rifle Association)

Last week, we read in a newspaper about some woman down in Texas who beat her husband to death with a frying pan.

Now, this is absolutely the last straw! We have had just about all we can take!

we submit that it is high time that some sort of restriction be placed on the sale and possession of all frying pans, new and used, and we urge the State Legislature to pass a law,making it a crime to sell a frying pan to a minor or any person who has been convicted of a felony.

Further, the vicious traffic in mail-order frying pans must be stopped! As drug addicts, jufeniles - anyone with the price, can buy a frying pan with ease. The terrible danger inherent in such a practice should be obvious.

The proper place to begin control over these murderous weapons, of course, is at the local level; with the police department having the power and responsibility of checking every application for the purchase of a frying pan.

Any person making such application would have to present at least three references to prove he is of good moral character. In addition, he would have to sign an affidavit that he has never been convicted of a felony.

All frying pans would be registered with the police. Then, if one were lost or stolen, it would be easier to trace; especially if it was used in the commission of a crime.

Penalties for any violation of the Frying Pan Law should be stiff enough to deter any would-be criminal. We think that anyone who is depraved enough to use a frying pan in the commission of a crime (such as burglary or forgery, for example) should get at least five years in prison.

The federal government should step in and pass laws to prohibit the interstate transportation and sale of frying pans!

Further, we would suggest that the F.B.I., investigate any possible connection between hardware stores and the Mafia.

After all, enough is enough! -The Eye Opener

Happy Ending

During a hunting trip on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River last October, a 32 year-old man working as a guide became ill after killing and skinning a snowshoe rabbit. He was taken to Steele Memorial Hospital in Salmon, and two days later he died.

The incident would have attracted little notice outside the Salmon area if it hadn't been for a young technologist who had recently joined the hospital staff.

Suspecting something unusual, Bob Norstron conducted a series of tests. He checked and double-checked, then filed his report with the State Health Department in Boise. It was a case of bubonic plague.

His primary identification of the organism was confirmed later by the U.S. Public Health Service laboratory at Fort Collins, Colorado.

The plague once the scourge of Europe, is one of the rarest diseases among humans in the U.S. Only one case had been reported earlier in Idaho - that of an Emmett boy who handled an infected rodent in 1940

Norstron's skill and alertness paid off for the public health service and for a good many hunters who might have been infected if it hadn't been for the general warning that went out after the discovery was made.

But it did the technologist precious little good a few months later when he ran into trouble of his own.

Norstron was an ex-convict. He had been paroled by the Idaho State Penitentiary in early October after serving 15 months of a three-year sentence for writing a $25 check with unsufficient funds in the bank.

In March, Norstron was arrested for driving an automobile without a valid license. (His own had been suspended several years earlier) His parole officer, a man stationed in Pocatello, declared him a parole violator and ordered him returned to the penitentiary.

The story might have ended there, as it usually does with Parole violators, if some of the staff members at the penitentiary hadn't been checking into the case. Norstron had been a model prisoner.

They dug up the parole officers report and read that Norstron had been in constant trouble in Salmon, that he drank excessively and was a poor worker. One of them telephoned the administrator of Steele Memorial Hospital

Gerald Butler, and received an empathic denial.

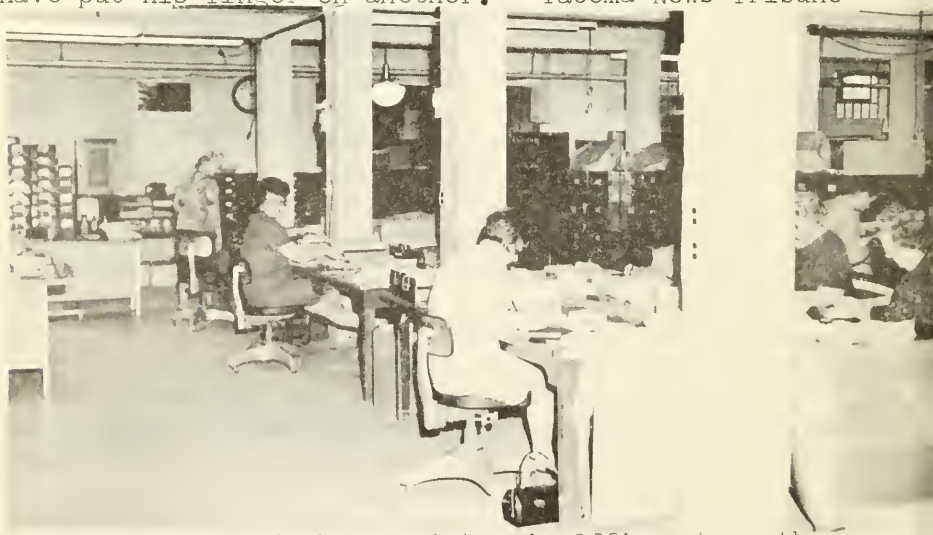
Further checking with townspeople and fellow-workers produced glowing reports on Norstron's record at Salmon. The hospital missed him, and several people offered to furnish character recommendations.

The staff took its new finding to the new director of corrections, Raymond May, and May took the case to the new State Board of Corrections, which has the final say on matters of Probation and Parole.

Last week the board reopened the case, held a hearing on Norstron, and ordered his release. One of the last official acts of V. Lee Layman, the outgoing prison educator director who now has a position in Oregon, was to drive the new parolee into downtown Boise, where he rejoined his wife. Layman had led the fight for Norstron's reinstatement.

Norstron's vindication and release may not be the end of the matter. The incident had drawn the attention of the new administration to the conduct and qualifications of some of the state's parole officers. Not just the officer in question, whose record for revocations is one of the highest in the system, but to the system as a whole, which gives the officers virtually unlimited and unquestionable powers over the parolees in their charge.

The man who called attention to one plague may also have put his finger on another. - Tacoma News Tribune



In the Basement of the Registrar's Office where the registration slips are all put in order according to the counties, in this state.

Police Experiment with Hiring Former Convicts

Somewhat to its own surprise, the Los Angeles Police Department is hiring former convicts as "community representatives" as a result of an experiment aimed mainly at hiring and training other wise unemployable persons.

As a result of the experiment's rather limited success with former convicts, moreover, police departments in other cities are beginning to adapt the idea to their own needs. These include Seattle, Portland, New Orleans and Tucson. Inquiries have been received here about the program from Baltimore and from state oficials in New Jersey, Michigan, and West Virginia.

When Los Angeles started its plan a year ago, it was expected that some applicants would have police records. But the Police Department was taken aback when 17 of the first class of 20 applicants turned out to be former convicts.

SOME TRAINIES DROP OUT

Nevertheless, it proceeded. Today the program is considered a success by the department even thour 12 of the original 20 starting trainees dropped out. Some did so because they were rearrested for committing new crimes, some lapsed back into drug addiction, and the rest left for other reasons.

The remaining eight-six being former convicts-now have been given full civil-service status as roruriformed Police Department employes and their pay has been raised from about $290 a month as trainees to a much as $452 a month. Eleven more applicants have been enrolled in a new training sequerce, six of them Negroes and five Mexican-Americans. The new class also includes some former convicts.

The trainees who finished the course range in age from 22 to 59 and have spent as long as 18 years in prison. They are beginning to conduct summer athelic programs for youngsters living in housing projects, give high-school students the benefit of their first-hand experience with drug addiction, help teach police recuits the stratagems of the underworld, and instruct merchants and house holders in burglary prevention. They also inform community leaders in deprived areas what city services

are available and how to go about getting them.

One of the men, Donald L. Roberts, 29, a former drug addict with a record of 20 felony arrests developed a talent fro speech-making in the training program. He often speaks at school assemblies and on television. "When a police officer talks about prime prevention," he says, "people listen but don't hear. When an ex-con talks they listen, hear, and ask questions, especially the kids.

LOANS RETURNED WITH INTEREST

One of the first dropouts, it was discovered, got into trouble because he had no money to support his family while waiting for the first payday. This prompted Deputy Police Chief James Fisk to advance $1,000 of his own money for loans to other men in the same predicament. Every cent has been repaid, including interest.

Applicants are screened and supplied to the Police Department by Concentrated Employment Center, a Federal antipoverty agency,and Federal funds paid half the costs of the program for the first year. Word of the opprortunities it offers has gotten around and noe inquiries are being received from men still in prison and soon to be discharged.

Participants are able to climb the civil-service ladder because part of their training consists of tutoring to bring them up to the equivalent of high-school graduation. Six of the men are now taking college courses to qualify for further advancement. -Roy H. Copperud
National Observer, June, 1969

(EDITORS NOTE:) The following article was sent into the MP News, by Sister Providencia, from the College of Great Fall, Great Falls, Montana.

STOMACH ACHE

St Louis (AP) -Police said they found evidence of a burglary in Clarence Mason's stomach.

He and Ronald Skaggs were booked on suspicion of burglary after their arrest near a home where $700 in clothing and jewelry was taken. All the loot but a gold ring was recovered.

And x-ray examiration disclosed the ring and Mason confessed to swallowing it.

"If you've made up your mind that you can't do something you're absolutely right."

SPORTS

Jerry McGivern

The inside "A" team hasn't had too much activity since my last report, due to the poor weather conditions. Out of eight league games scheduled there were three games canceled, two because of rain, and one because the Job Corps was fighting forest fires. We only had the chance to make up one of these games.

Here are the league results since my last report.

*A Team	16	Rothe Hall	13
A Team	5	Garrison	18
A Team	12	Darigold	5
A Team	10	Barmont	12
*A Team	10	N. Timber	8
A Team	11	N. Timber	12

*Denotes a make up game from the first round.

We played only two non-league teams since our last report. A doubleheader with Buttrey's of Helena and a single game with the Trapper Creek Job Corps.

A Team	4	Buttreys	8
A Team	10	Buttreys	14
A Team	17	Trapper C.	9

The team wasn't playing up to par the last couple of weeks, maybe because of the erratic weather and the long breaks in between games. In their last tow games they showed that they are really going to put up a fight for the league championship, by coming from behind in the first game to win and just missing another come from behind win in the second.

By the way, from here on out the team will be known as the MSP Huns. They have new jerseys, which are maroon and new ball caps are expected in very shortly.

INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS (TOP 6 BATTERS)

PLAYER	AB	RBI'S	HITS	HR's	AVE.
Toms	70	55	39	18	.557
Yelloweyes	64	44	33	7	.550
Dale	55	9	29	0	.527
Davis	40	7	21	0	.525
Baldwin	60	28	32	4	.516
Eskildsen	62	31	31	1	.500

Note: The standings in the league are hard to determine at this time because there are too many games to be made up. The inside should be tied for second or third place.

OPEN LETTER

Great Falls, Montana
July 9, 1969

The Convict who calls himself, Albert P. Calflooking raises many provocative questions in his past articles in the Prison Publication, The MP News.

Why, for instance, should hard-pressed American Taxpayers in 1968 be tolerating a penal system which released 90,000 felons a year; 40 - 70% of whom are unprepared to do anything with their freedom, but return to crime?

This strikes us as neither humane to the people involved, nor sensible use of the taxpayers money.

Why, to put a finer point on the matter is the major product of our penal system "good convicts" - docile shells of humanity who give no trouble while serving time - instead of good citizens, equipped to use freedom productively?

Why, should there not be in our prisons a full-fledged vocational education system capable of preparing the uneducated inmate for productive, self-supporting work "outside?"

And why, should those who have productive skills, and are not dangerous to themselves or others, not be moved into some sort of "work-release" situation where they can help support themselves and their families while they are serving their time?

If Sweden, for instance, switched to this system 22 years ago, and is reaping its reward - a record of 85% of its convicts who go straight and stay out of trouble upon release, what are American Legislators and prison officials waiting for? Leadership perhaps!

If so, Montana should be capable of supplying that leadership.

Those who have read these articles, we think, and see that these are good questions - to which there are as yet, no very good answers. These articles in itself is telling evidence of the caliber of human talent we are wasting under our present system.

A Subscriber

"Doing nothing is better than being busy doing nothing."

Justice

Albert P. Calflooking

hat is justice?

The dictionary definition of justice is "the mainten-ance or administration of which is just: just treatment, also merited reward or punishment; that which is due to one's conduct or motives."

Let's quit coddling the criminals!

Let's give the police more power to protect the honest citizens. Let's over rule the U.S. Supreme Court, amend the Constitution and make the courts really get tough on the "thugs."

These simple answers, are formulated by simple people, and are suppose to add up to justice.

The American people, a distinguished legal scholar said recently, are prepared to do anything to win the war against crime - except to pay for it.

This is the reason why, it is so easy to go after the Supreme Court, and to advocate police wiretapping and stiffer sentences. These measures won't require a tax increase, or so the proponents feel. We know that the courts have not downgraded or degraded law enforcement officials, but the American people have done it - by viewing lawmen as little more than garbage collectors and utilizing our criminal codes as society's garbage cans - thus burdening an already overburdened group of police and prosecutors with a lot of trivial stuff - junk; which prevents them from concentrating on their primary tasks.

Montana police records showed a tremendous increase in serious crimes last year, and the FBI's reporting system - as well as those of the local police; have been seriously challenged by respectable authorities. This being so, it's probably fair to assume that serious crime is, at least, to some degree on the upswing. To a large degree, experts attribute this rise to increased urbanization, more persons in the 14 to 22 age groups (which is responsible for more crime) and better reporting methods.

Crime is one of the costs of a free society, and they are obviously not going to get rid of all the crime under our present system of government. In Naze Germany,

crime - in the sense of what we normally think of it; was probably almost nonexistant. A totalitarian government is one very effective way of doing away with crime.

A great many things that they have branded as crimes, aren't really the things they ought to be worrying about. Perhaps they ought to forget about protecting people against themselves, and concentrate on protecting people from crimes of violence.

The so-called "victimless crimes" that I am referring to are those involving sexual activities between consenting adults in private, gambling, drinking and - to some degree the use of drugs. In all of these "crimes" no one is doing something he or she doesn't want to do. No one is being harmed against his will. Many criminologists believe the churches and the families of the persons involved in these activities, ought to solve their own problems; and that the time of law officers shouldn't be wasted on the matter of morals.

Of course, where drinking is followed by driving, and an illicit sexual contact - followed by an attack, the law must step in. The activities then are no longer "victimless." It has been said their thinking (law enforcement) has become regimented in the area of the control of criminal behavior. Punishment has become the standard answer to the prevention of crime. The fallacy in this; is that the impulsive psycopath - who commits most of the crimes - doesn't respond to the threat of punishment. Normal persons do, but the criminal mind simply doesn't.

What ought to be done is, to try to devise more workable ways of controlling criminal behavior. By that I mean, make it more difficult for the criminal to commit the act. Among the ways this can be done is; making it more difficult to cash a check. Positive identification should be required at all times, and counter checks shouldn't be permitted. Enforcement of laws, making it a crime to leave keys in a parked car. It's easier to make normal persons obey the law than it is to prevent psycopathic youngsters from stealing a car when tempted. Furthermore, cars should be built to prevent them from being started without keys.

Better lighting on streets. Nothing is more conducive to muggings and sexual assaults than poorly lighted streets.

Home burglar alarms systems. This is already being

done in some of the expensive suburbs, but poor persons; who are generally the victims of crimes as well as the perpetrators - can't afford them. It is the belief of many authorities that their departments could get crime down to an absolute minimum if the people were willing to pay for it.

American society has stubbornly refused to accept certain basic facts almost universally acknowledged by experts who have studied the crime problem.

Neither police efficiency nor court ruling substantially cause increases or decreases in the crime rate. The connection, if nay, is minimal.

Harsher treatment of criminals and stiffer sentences don't decrease crime; if anything, they increase it.

An orderly society can't be achieved by enacting laws that clearly transgress constitutional safeguards.

Crime begins in the slums and the ghettos. Get rid of the slums and ghettos, and the vast majority of the crime will disappear with them. These notions, however have been consistently rejected by a public which has been fed anticourt cliches.

The Gallup Poll taken several months ago, showed 63% of Americans interviewed believe the courts are "too soft" on criminals. Simple people had said, that they should stop "babying" the criminals and quit blaming society for the failures of individuals who dos not fit in to their way of life. And then another simple simon, said that; the courts should act to protect honest citizens, not criminals.

These naive advocates of the "get tough" policy, who are depicted as the "bleeding hearts" and those who agree with them; are in my estimation - sadly misguided. They are victims of chestpounding presidential and other political office seekers who promise to restore "law and order" to society through methods they must know can't work. And never will.

We simply don't come to grips with the crime problem because, we as incarcerated individuals know, most politicians talk big, and most citizens talk big, but think small; about the whole subject. Attacking the Supreme Court doesn't cost anything, but it doesn't accomplish anything either; other than fulfill an irrational demand on the part of a frightened and disturbed public for simplistic solutions to enormously complex problems.

Pilot projects and demonstration, and model programs

are a big step in the right direction, of course, but even they are not nearly enough. One doesn't solve big problems with demonstration grants.

Some years ago (1959) the following chart by Roy A. Lartigue was published in *The Atlantian*, the prisoners' excellent magazine at the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. In terse but eloquent words it describes the futility of our system, step by step.

Our Wheel of Misfortune

ARRIVAL . . . we come into Quarantine . . . strangeness surrounds us —and then comes the inevitable reaction . . . a dreadful place—with its high walls, steel bars, watchful guards, and most difficult of all . . . LONELINESS!

ROUTINE . . . but life goes on—even in a penitentiary—and we become accustomed to clanging bells, bugle calls, regimentation, lack of privacy, loss of initiative, deprivation of individuality, menial work . . . but, soon, there comes the sign of ADJUSTMENT.

PROGRAM PARTICIPATION . . . despite our high average age, 40% of us become active in some phase of the Recreation Program; 23% of us become involved in some phase of the Education Program; 20% of us become aware of the Religious Program; and 12% of us take advantage of the Trade Training Program . . . we seek something to keep us occupied—and some of us even admit to ourselves that we would like to better ourselves . . . and we all become aware that we are coming close to completing ⅓ of our sentence and with it, the chance for Parole! At night, alone with our thoughts in the darkened cell, some of us vow that if we are granted Parole, we'll make good!

PAROLE DENIAL . . . 85% of us are turned down by the U.S. Board of parole—and no one seems surprised by their decision! . . . our institutional record has been good, our program participation has been excellent and sincere . . . and the numbing feeling, after denial, soon dims and is succeeded by action . . . we decide that there is another way to serve this sentence . . . so we decide to go into . . . MILL WORK . . . 45% of us ask to get assigned to Federal Prison Industries to do hard, menial work—a granted privilege—for we are paid money and also the chance to earn extra "good time" . . . we reason that we will, at least, get to save some money and also be able to make the rest of the sentence more tolerable . . . but being in the Mill has its disadvantages, too . . . and, soon, there comes a noticeable . . .

DECLINE OF ACTIVITY . . . working in the Mill prevents us from getting passes to take part in a show rehearsal, baseball practice, school debate or even browsing in the Library . . . the tight institutional schedule is further upset by the even tighter Mill schedule—and it soon wears down our desire to participate . . . we simply work, read, listen to our earphones and sleep . . . but, after a while, we become restless with this monotonous existence and we acquire a . . . .

HOBBY INTEREST . . . we start to search for some private rather than communal relaxational activity . . . we write, we draw, we carve and sometimes, in desperation, we buy yarn with which to crochet! . . . and the time passes until—suddenly!—we realize that the day we "gotta go" is approaching! . . . so we begin our. . . .

RELEASE PLANNING . . . we begin writing letters to friends outside, seeking help—and their replies are vague and not too encouraging . . . so many of us start searching for "connections" from some of the "conning convicts" . . . and, of course, in the quiet of our bunks, we get grandiose ideas of what we can do with the few hundred dollars we saved from our Mill Work . . . and, finally, we decide to take advantage of the . . .

ADMINISTRATIVE HELP . . . the institutional routine has us meet our Parole Officer who tells us that, under the rules, we will have to return to our officially listed residence—even after we protest that we have not lived there in years! He is sympathetic, but adamant as he explains that he is merely following the set rules . . . and we also get to fill out an employment form for a possible job secured by an agency which insists that the prospective employer will have to know about our past . . . and we are fitted out with clothes and a bus ticket to the place we often don't wish to ever see again . . . and the day comes for . . .

CONDITIONAL RELEASE . . . we have now served ⅔ of the Judge's sentence and it is mandatory that we be released because we have earned the "good time" by our behavior here—but now, we are told that even though we were denied Parole, so long ago, we must abide by the same rules outside as the Parolees . . . but we are so happy to leave that we sign the contract willingly—and we go out in the world to encounter . . .

PUBLIC REACTION . . . yes, we soon find that the "Old Timers" told us the truth! . . . we encounter apathy . . . and prejudice, and indifference, and ostracism, and futile sympathy—"I'd like to help you get started, but . . ." and we react: first there is discouragement . . . then resentment —and sometimes, with it, comes anger . . . and then, in some cases despair . . . and even panic . . . and, finally desperation . . . and it begins . . .

DETERIORATION & RECIDIVISM . . . our resistance is lowered by discouragement—and there is less and less resistance to temptation . . . and we still hang on while we watch how "normal people" are permitted to live . . . a good job . . . and friends . . . and family . . . and simple luxuries, like decent clothes and a car . . . and, inevitably, because we are human, envy arrives to haunt us . . . and, meanwhile, even those of us with families become aware of the burden we have become to them—hiding our past, explaining our presence after such a long absence—and we finally decide we're going to get some money for independence . . . and we commit another crime—and, of course, we get caught!

And back to Atlanta we come . . . and it begins again . . . and our WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE spins around and around . . . and those about to depart keep hoping that they'll adjust to "THE FIXED WHEEL."

In the Land of Lunacy MADNESS Prevails

—Luckenbach

SOMEWHERE
IN THE ACADEMY FOR PRACTICE AND LEARNING
MADNESS PREVAILS
BEHIND A FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW AND OBSEQUIOUS WHINE
AN OBSESSED TYRANT COMPULSIVELY DICTATES
BIZARRE MANDATES OF HIS OWN DEVISING
SPUN ON ERRATIC WEBS BY DEMENTED SPIDERS
LIVING IN THE CRACKS OF HIS VACANT SKULL

THE INTOXICATING POTION OF POWER
HAS FROM A MINUS-MEDIOCRE MADE A MONSTER.

WHAT PERVERSE UNIVERSE EXISTS
-HERE IN THE LAND OF LUNACY-
WHERE A MONGLOID IDIOT MAY HOLD
IN ETERNAL SUSPENSION OF TIME
A MAN'S LIFE
ON A WHIM?

In a Pig's Eye

One of the biggest controversies you hear now-a-days, is over the protest movements of the Hippies and the student activixts in this country of ours. Some people say that, in the case of the Hippies, if you take away their beads, mini-skirts, and tight slacks - what would you have? Well, old partner, I've got the answer to that one too; a bunch of naked people, that's what! What the whole controversy seems to boil down to, is that the difference in values, between the oldsters and youngster; in other words, the Degeneration Gap. (Boose vs Pot)

Then during the last year's presidential campaign, the Yippies, a branch of the hippie movement, tried to hog the spotlight and really ham it up by running a pig as their candidate for president - and then staged their own In-Hog-Uration during the January inaugural festivities in Washington.

When the Yippies showed up in Washington, freshly installed President Nixon immediatly sent out the "Welcome Wagon" to greet them - a police van, loaned to him by Mayor Daley of Chicago.

The Yippies selected their candidate from a "Greased Pig" contest; they figured anyone that hard to pin down would make a great politician! Although, a little pig-headed, and unsure of the Jewish vote, the porker could be counted on to give us the usual hogwash, typical of all politicians and to root out the causes of our country's problems.

The Yippies has wanted to name the pig Napee, but did learn later on, to their amazement that another candidate already had that name, from the Big Sky Country in Montana. If elected president, the pig promised to "bring home the bacon," a real down-to-earth motto, although not in the same classic mold of "A Chicken in every Pot."

It was then that LBJ invited the pig to a barbecue at his Texas Ranch, but the porker refused the dinner invitation, on the grounds that he might be assassinated. And then, even Lester Maddox invited the pig for dinner at his resturant, but the presidential candidate preferred--to grease palms as president, instead of greasing Lesters frying pans.

One night a group of Yippies and their presidential

candidate, in all his porcine splendor, were holding a campaign rally, when "Lo and Behold" there appeared a group of men in blue.

"Police! And this is a raid!" said the leader of the gimlet-eyed crew.

"How do we know that you're the police." said the leader of the Yippies. "I don't see your badges."

So with that, the wearers of the blue uniforms flipped back their lapels and revealed their badges: "Wallace For President."

"Yes, you're the police alright."

"What do you have against the police:" said the officer suspiciously.

" Oh, I guess they're all not to bad. The police are actually very loyal to their friends; like the Mafia, Ku Klux Klan...."

"What do you have here," interrupted the policeman. "Pot."

"No, Pigs."

"What did you call us!" he said, raising his billy-club and quivering, and frothing at the mouth with anger, and the policemen behind him began growling and snarling and showing definite signs of an impending over-reaction.

"No, no, Pigs are really what we have here!"

"That's what I thought you said," he shouted, as he stepped forward menacingly.

Just at that critical moment, a possible overpreaction was averted by the quick action and logic of another man in blue. "Clancy" he interposed. Clancy stopped his menacing advance and listened to his comrade. "It's eleven o'clock," continued the wearer of the badge, "It's time for us to go off duty."

"The only thing that I hate worse then Yippies is work! then disappeared out the door behind the others. And so, was our porcine presidential candidate spared the disgrace of appearing at his own In-Hog-Uration during desert, as the principle ingredient of a mincemeat pie.

While the men were over giving blood to the Red Cross I overheard this conversation between one of the guys who was getting his finger stuck for a blood smear and one of the nurses.

Inmate: "The last time someone held my hand like this I wasn't giving blood." Nurse: Rather coyly: "Oh no, what were you doing?" Inmate: "I was getting fingerprinted.

A pretty girl laughing it off, as the photographer snapped this scene over in the Registrar's office sometime ago.

Another picture of the Registration Department showing a few of the busy people in this office. This writer will do a complete article, pictures included in the next issue of the MP News, which is the September issue.

From The Warden's Office

This issue of the . . . News contains several articles concerning the "Integration and Ethnic and Minority Groups."

I must agree with many of the views concerning the American Indian. One of the greatest errors made by the United States Government was the isolation of the Indian on reservations.

Had the Indian been given a chance to forge for himself, the problems facing the government today would be non-existant.

When the Irish, Italians and other emigrants arrived in the United States, they were poor, uneducated and forced to live in slum areas of large cities along the East Coast.

It wasn't too many years until they had worked their way to the top and finally took over key positions in government and industry.

Within the next generation the American Indian can accomplish the same, if given a chance.

The North American Indian League now being organized within this institution will give the Indian inmate a chance to have a voice in the internal affairs governing his Agency or Tribe.

It will be a great day when the Indian Reservation, as we see it now, will be past history.

Ed Ellsworth, Jr., Warden
E /mm

An education will give you more of a choice
(stay in school)

Busy nurses from the Red Cross Center in Great Falls, collecting blood from the incarcerated.

A few questions concerning your medical history and then you're ready to wheel and deal

From The OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

by Mutt

I consider it a good day when i decide not to hang myself, unpuote....When these stone walls and iron bars are placed in just the right relation; if they don't make a prison, it's a hell'uva good imitation..Jackie and Aristotle are just plain folks, with money....When I first arrived here I received a "Dear John" letter. It seems that my ex-girlfriend Sherry, wanted candlelight and wine and all I had was spud juice and a broken-down old cigarette lighter. And what about this one for a full house: Crime in California is expected to have 63, OOO persons in California prison and correctional institutions by 1980....Those in the know, say that Gene "Diamond" Grant made the best moonshine on the Blackfeet Reservation. He put in 500 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of corn, and 200 pounds of noodles. Then when the Tribal Cops came they thought he was making "Mulligan" stew....An inmate called the Chef (the Greek) over and told him, "there's a bug in my salad!" The Greek said: "Geez, don't let anyone else know, or they'll all want to go back thrcugh the chowline and get one too."....A hair on the noggin is worth two in the bush. That's just an old Blackfeet proverb I just made up....Being that this is my last article for the Buzzards Roost and I'm getting some competition from the gals across the street who call their column, "The Buzzard's Roost #2" so I had better make this one a good one. I want to thank everyone for helping me, to make this the best publication that ever came out of this prison. I also want to thank you fine ladies across the street too, and the best of luck to you all..So just keep smiling, it couldn't all be that bad....Some people drink booze and they can't sleep. With Hips (Helleson) it's just the opposit. When he sleeps he can't drink booze....My girlfriend Sherry, gives me such a hard way to go that I read the obituary notices just to cheer up....What's so wonderful about AA anyway? Napee's wife used to be a very charming person; then he gave up drinking....Ahem! A couple of years ago,

I was at my girlfriend Sherry's house when it started to rain. I didn't want to go home and get wet so I slept with her baby brother. You know! I could just as well have gone home in the rain....Two monkeys were talking in a zoo. One said, "Do you mean to tell me that I'm my brother's keeper."....Jim (Butcher) was thrown out of a bar once and he was in the hospital for two years. The bar was on the hotel roof....And I can still recall Bill Dale's first caper. They "busted" him for taking an old piece of rope. Too bad there was a horse attached to it. ...Pete (Cameron) doesn't really drink. He just gargles with whiskey and sometimes some of it slips down his gullet....Going thru town the other day, was none other than Gene "Diamond" Grant, riding in the back of a pick-up truck, when all of a sudden, his nose wrinkled up, his ears perked up, and like a bloodhound, he smelt the sweet aroma coming from the Nugget Bar. "Oh" those days of wine and Roses, ay Buddy...Rocky (Laurence) is really a light sleeper. He always wakes up at the crack of ice. ...Napee says a guy in here says his parents were too poor to afford another child, so one of the neighbors had him...I'm not saying that Jesse (LaMere) has a lousy voice, but he sounds like the ten second buzzer at Madison Square Garden....Tequilla: The gulp of Mexico..... Seems as though my girlfriend Sherry, is always getting into trouble. That's what happens when you drink on an empty head. Sorry about that Sherry....And then they claim that Pepe (Herman) got sicker than a pet coon, from drinking booze from an old tomato can. Well, it just goes to show you, that booze won't hurt you, but an old tomato can will....And did you ever notice how many more principles a man can have when he's well-fed....I suppose you all heard about the time Lucky (Luckenbach) ran into a Texas saloon and yelled: "Fire" Three guys did....And bless my little pea-pickin' patches! Did you hear about this fellow called Lester (Azure). He used to help old ladies across the street - even if they didn't want to go....Eyebrows (Bouldin) woke up one New Year's Day and he was really in the pink. So were the two elephants on the dresser....And then there's Robert Miller who drinks booze for its medicinal value. And, you've never seen such a hypochandriac....I know a guy who believes that marriage and a career don't mix -so he never works...Not to long ago, Glen (Goings) was really stiff. I know he was drunk. He said he felt sophisticated and

couldn't pronounce it....I'm not saying that Old Bull is a lush, but his showers has three faucets - hot water, cold water, and scotch and water....Larry (Hypine) is kind of a wine connoisseur. Give him a glass of wine and he'll not only tell you the year that it was brewed, but he can also tell you who jumped on the grapes....Ronald Calflooking once held up a ship launching for three hours. He wouldn't let go of the bottle...They say that Al Mattson is a big-hearted guy with a stomach to match. ....A man from the moon asked the bartender for a screwdriver. The bartender served him a drink containing the usual vodka and orange juice. "Now give me a screwdriver my head's loose."....Contrary to general belief, I certainly can hold my booze. In fact, you can't get it away from me, ain't that right, Sherry?...Did you know that George (Yelloweyes) has baseball eyes. Two Baggers. ..Science has discovered a fool-proof oral contraceptive vor girls. It is the word "No."....Everyone says that Agent Double Ought Seven and one-eighth(Henderson) is crazy about fat gals. According to him, their shaddy in the summertime and warm in the winter....I don't think that George (Stroisch) is really fat. It's just that his four chins make him look that way....Zachmeier and Garza buying hamburgers for four-bits apiece...."Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, may bring forth something for ornaments, much for curiosity, and more for use." So said cone Edward Dyer, a British poet of the eighteenth century. The Library here at the Montana State Prison is small by comparison to libraries in cities and universities, for instance, but consider what you have to choose from in the way of reading material. A large group of the wisest and wittiest men who ever lived were authors of hundreds of books that you can find in our Prison Library. Many of the men who wrote these books lived hidden and enaccessible lives, but their inspired thoughts are ours, but for the searching and finding. So if you enjoy reading, come on down to the Prison Library, and Mr. Moody and his two able and handsome runners will help you find what you want in the way of reading material...You think I don't read playboy, here's proof: "Gimme me a double whiskey!" the little boy yelled to the bar maid as he entered the saloon. "Do you want to get me in trouble?" She asked. The lad replied. "Maybe later, but right now, I just want a drink...At first Napee told the Judge

that he didn't want a lawyer. Said he decided to tell the truth....Gerald Butterfly informs me that on Nocassin Flat, (A suburb of Browning, Montana) opportunity knocks only once. The second time it's the Tribal Cops....Old County Attorney's never die; they just lose their appeal ....And what's this I hear about Johnny Stagno striking out in slow-pitch....I'll never forget the time Jack (Kochendofer) dropped a bottle of vodka on the floor. He still has splinters in his tongue....And then one day Napee invented the Linoleum Cocktail. One drink and you are really soused....And then did you hear about the guy who got drunk and tried to shoot his mother-in-law, which demonstrates the curse of drink? Well, he missed, which also demonstrates the curse of drink....Everyone knows that Stretch, (Brittingham) isn't really a crook. The doctor told him to take things easy and stealing is the easiest way he knows. Napee says, "believe me, crime does not pay. I know! I tried it for 15 years and did not even clear expenses....According to a "Yardbird" Jim Spurlock's wife almost ruined his business. He was a burglar and she wouldn't let him go out nights....Incidently if there's any lady receiving the MP News, who's looking for a sugar daddy - I have a buddy in here who has diabetis....I received a letter from my fiancee last night. It starts: "Dear Mutt." How do you like that! We're 201½ miles apart and now she starts getting sexy. Sorry about that Sherry...."I understand that progressive jazz is so big on Nocassin Flat," says Napee, "that one nightclub is serving a Blackfeet Cocktail - two sips and you're ringier than a pet coon...And would you believe that my firlfriend's cooking is so bad, that we've got the only mice in Browning getting CARE packages from across the street. But Sherry you sho' is a good pal..... Just one hour, sixty minutes, 3,600 seconds, can bring about a change in each of our lives which could either lead to success or failure in whatever we attempt. Utilizing each hour to get the most from it is desirable and necessary in our fast-paced world of modern conveniences. Indirectly, what we do with these 24 hours we have each day while here at MSP, could mean the difference between success and failure as an ex-convict. After all, that is our ultimate goal. Plan and use your hours as best as you can. Don't use them to PITY yourself, but use them so you won't put yourself in a position to return...My firlfriend, Ahem! Sherry is always complaining she's got

nothing to wear. Well partner's, her clothes closet is packed so tight, there are moths in there that still have en't learned to fly....The other day, Big "Herm" (Cardinal) complained: "Man, am I pooped! I just spent the last three hours trying to throw my boomarang away. I guess I'm not long for this world. My lifetime pen just collapsed."....Once they tell me that Sonny (Schenk) had a job in a funeral parlor. Man, what fun he had drinking formaldehyde with beer chasers. Most of the time Sonny was stiffer then the deceased..."And did you ever stop to think about the good things in life?" asks Cloyce Little Light. "For instance, when a worm turns, does it put out its hand? And what name do the Smith's use when they register at a motel?....Garry (Quigg) has just four things against rock'n roll music. It's too loud, too monotonous, too meaningless, and too popular....I won't say what I'm making on this newspaper job - but the State is willing to pay me more to be unemployed....Sometimes it takes hours for Century Brown to mix a martini. He uses sloe gin....I'm not saying that our favorite little "Injun" Levi (Campbell) is fat, but two more pounds and they'll make him wear license plates. My stupid girlfriend Sherry, is just like a car radiator. She'll freeze up if I don't keep her filled up with alcohol....My lawyer always had an excuse for being drunk most of the time. He was studying for the bar, at the bar. Which resulted in me getting this ten spot....Well, with the nice, fine weather finally upon us, I suppose everyone is suffering from hotitis, (whatever that is).Maybe you should try some of "Dr. Mutt's" cure for melancholia. It comes in two handy sizes - pints and quarts....I'm not saying Big "Herm" (Cardinal) is old. But he says his age is his business, and boy! he's been in business a long, long time....Everyone took an interest in Bob Connors education. His father wanted him to go to Notre Dame. His mother wanted him to go to Montana State, and the truant officer wanted him to go to grade school. Sonny (Boyer) once studied mind reading. He could look a person in the eye and tell what they thought of him. This got to be a little discouraging....Wendell (Barrows) was studying to be a bone specialist. Everyone said he had the head for it....Then there was the time Pineapple (Ebeling) went to night school. He took biology, math, and overcoats. ...Tommy (Wing) didn't attend college. He slept at home. ...Byron (Gallagher) says: "Going to a school like Har-

vard has it's advantages. You can write home for money in Latin. Swede (Lagge) was a two letter man at college, until somebody told him about Lifegouy....My girlfriend is so stupid she thinks the English Channal is a television station showing British films. That Sherry I just don't know about her....Leaving the messhall one evening after supper, I heard all kinds of whistling and Oooo-awin', and a bunch of other stuff. For a minute there, I thought Liz Taylor was passing by. But no such luck; all I seen was one of these new officers in a pair of Bermuda's. I betcha he won't be wearing them in this prison no mo'....Smokey McIlhargey said that the Lonely Hearts Club sent back his pictures, because they weren't that lonely yet.....Don't you tell me that Jack the Ripper is dead. I know that he works in the MSP Laundry and does my shirts....Would you like to see my Epitaph? "If anyone should ever happen to think of me and wants to please my ghost, then be kind to some lonely child, for give some poor sinner, and wink at some homely girl!" So-Long to all my friends here at the ole' stimpin' grounds - this has been a long time comin'...In the mean time fella's - just keep right on smiling, and really make them wonder what in the "Heck" you're up too.(mutt)

The multilith operator winding up his machine. While another inmate seems a little confused over the slip of paper that he is scrutinizing so closely.

Buzzard's Roost #2

Alycia Carpenter

Check the headline! I think it's better to be called the Buzzard's Roost, than the "Hen House" don't you agree? (No! I don't! Just kiddin'. -The Editor)

Sorry for being late, nothing really ever happens over here, except we all took in knitting and crocheting like it was going out of style. Jerry B., did about 10 slippers and then some (Ah come on now, she's only got two feet! Ed.)Alma C., some slippers and believe it or not; "green socks" who are they for Alma? Hee hee. I can't figure out what "Bubbles" is making -what is it Bubbles? Been at it for a month, you suppose she's pulling for a pair of slippers: Nona, she's also a slipper fan, she wants to make a poncho, good luck Nona. Cheryl is just about done with a sweater. You've done a good job Cheryl, what do you call that sweater? A "Bobby Sweater?" Did you say you got the yarn at "Larry's Dress Store?" Charlene is imbroidering, and good luck, Charlene. Myse;f I made 2 afaghans, slippers and am now starting a sweater for my baby. Hope it fits. "Get a job" heard that song haven't you? Anyway, we are all on new assignments over here and we all enjo our new jobs. Charlene is swanping for the time being,Cheryl is sewing,what did you say that was Cheryl? Ch, it's a blouse. Bubbles is still hanging tough to the Laundry, who was that I heard say the mop bucket was big as a bathtub and the mop drug her down the atairs, ho, here she is what are you doing Charlene? When I'm sownstairs ironing, I hear a voice bellow out loud and clear; "Hello Walls." Wonder who that can be? Say! it's our ole' fan Barbs B. What are you doing vack here? She says, vacation time again. Any way, welcome to the club Barbs (Goodie at least I'll get my sweater done for sure, can you hear me Barbs?) Hope not, cause I'm just thinking this, ok? Nona, the cook, is wonderful, She's just starting to cook and believe me, she's learning fast. She's gorna be a good cook for

someone. But guess who makes oatmeal cookies without oatmeal and guess who was gonna melt cheeze on top of the grill? What did you say the recipe called for Mona? Crazy! but she's gonna make it - keep up the good work Mona. She says her AkA is Rufus, believe me. Alma C., just called Doctor Cheryl again. Poor little birds. We think they get drunk on the berries out there. Really, you should see them - dingier than we are (I'll buy that Ed.) Fly right into the wall, they do. We tried playing vollyball, baseball and guess what! Horseshoes, of course, we don't know how to keep score, but anyway, it always ends up - Cheryl and I winning. Did you say that was a garden Alma, oh boy, gosh!it is - we didn't see it. It's so far off in the corner. Good luck with the t-o-m-a-t-o-e-s Alma. Did ja fellows get filled up with pop, ice cream and pop corn? We sure did! That's all we did over the holiday was eat!!! We all wish Jerry the best of luck when she leaves tomorrow, Monday the 7th. What are you gonna do Jerry? She says she's gonna go to business school in Missoula. We're gonna miss you I'm sure your one eye's gonna miss you too. (Her stuffed dog, she sleeps with) Bye Jerry. Believe me I think everybody is gonna leave here as a Hilly Billy. We all look forward to "Hee-Haw" and Johnny Cash. But we really enjoy the program very much. Heeeeee-haw. Who's that! Gosh Mona and Cheryl, oh Grandpa Jones and Minnie Pearl they say. Will try and write more for the next MP news, and thanks to all of you for swueezing us in this issue of the MP News. Oh, bye now.

A FUTURE PUPPY WITH AN ANXIOUS TAIL

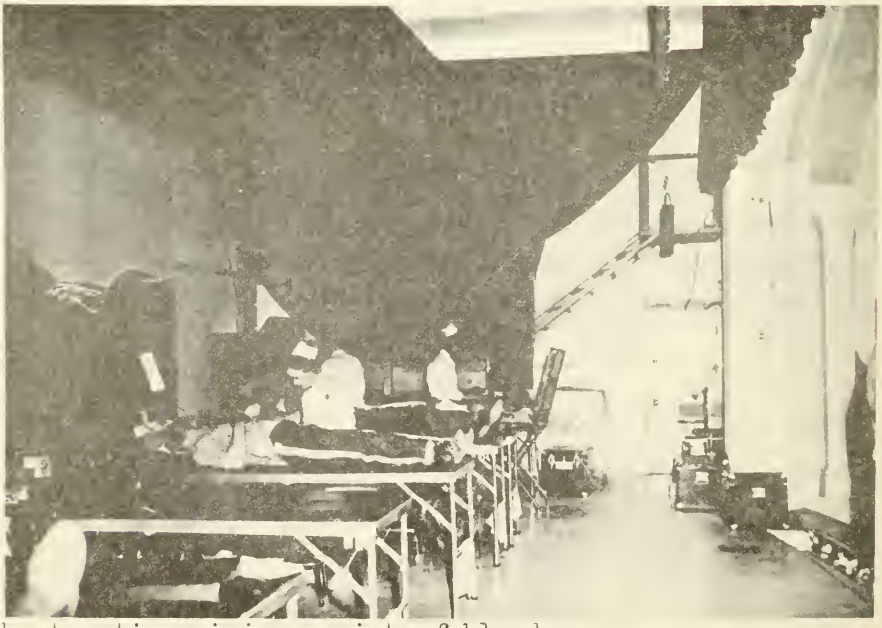
A future puppy with an anxious tail
gobbled up the night that hid you and I
as we listened breathless for a falling dawn
that evening so long past in love
at least we liked to think
that future puppy with the anxious tail
like our mongrel love turned out
wasn't house-broken
-Luckenbach

The Thoughts of my Mind

- by Cheryl Sanchez

TO BE APART, AWAY FROM YOU,
SO CLOSE AND YET SO FAR.
TO SEE A LINK OF WHAT WE HAD,
A REMINDER OF THE GOOD, OR BAD.
THIS IS WHAT I SEE EACH DAY;
THIS IS WHY I CRY EACH NIGHT.

THIS PRISON WALL SURROUNDS ME YET;
MY SENTENCE, TO "SOCIETY" MY DEBT.
THE DAY WILL COME; I'M SURE OF IT,
THESE WALLS NO LONGER 'ROUND.
THE DEBT BEHIND, SO FAR BEHIND,
AND ALSO THE LONELINESS, THE SIGHT AND SOUND
WILL DISAPPEAR, FOREVER MORE,
AT JUST THE SIGHT OF YOU



The trusties giving a pint of blood.

The Sun, and Loneliness

- by Cheryl Sanchez

THE SUN COMES UP EVERY MORNING,
WARMING MY SAD, LONELY HEART.
MAKING ME THINK OF THE SUNSHINE,
WE SHARED WHEN WE WEREN'T APART.

IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO NOW,
THOSE DAYS OF SWEET, CAREFREE LOVE.
WHEN EVERYTHING WAS HAPPY,
OUR HEARTS LIKE THE FREE BIRDS ABOVE.

ONE DAY AGAIN WE'LL BE TOGETHER,
MY HEART NO LONGER SAD AND LONELY.
AND THE SUN WILL COME UP EVERY MORNING,
TO SHINE ON YOU, MY ONE LOVE, MY ONLY.

Chowing down after donating a few pints.

TIME

by Cheryl Sanchez

A THOUSAND DAYS, A THOUSAND NIGHTS,
IN JUST ONE HOUR'S TIME.
A MILLION YEARS, A MILLION TEARS,
IN JUST ONE LOVE SONGS LINE.
TO BE APART, SO FAR APART,
TO FEEL SO LEFT BEHIND.
TO CARE SO MUCH, SO VERY MUCH,
FOR THIS LOVE, THIS LIFE OF MINE

IF YOU WERE HERE, OR I WERE THERE,
THE TIME IT WOULD NOT MATTER.
BUT WE'RE APART AND LONLY YET,
OUR HEARTS TO ACHE AND FRET.
THE TIME SO SLOWLY PASSES,
EACH DAY A WEEK IT SEEMS.
AND ALL I HAVE OF YOU, MY LOVE,
ARE MEMORIES AND DREAMS.

Burden of Guilt

-Luckenbach

The jolly clown's dispair as he slashed his throat
to please a sell-out crowd
Touched us all in some way
even though we sat way up on top in the bleachers
under this huge Big Top of carnival shows
A grease paint grin on his sad dead face accused
and I knew
That no matter where we sit
we are all responsible for every clown's
death

Federal Judge says Prison Doesn't Work

Judge David L. Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals recently stated: "Prison simply does not work. It protects society inadequately and it seldom reforms criminals."

He cited figures which show that 67% of federal prisoners have previous records of conviction and imprisonment.

Individual states, says Judge Bazelon, are no better off. He pointed out that California, for one, has a current rate of 88% recidivism.

According to Judge Bazelon, the United States has a bigger proportion of its population - 178 out of every 100,000 - in jail than any other country in the world. By way of contrast, England had 65% per 100,000 and Japan has 89% per 100,000.

"I have yet to see one criminal who had any intention of foregoing crime because he feared a prison sentence," the Judge stated. "The reason for this is that criminals share the feeling of most people that 'it can't happen to me.'"

Pointing to a possible solution, the Judge advised, "We still punish or the basis of whether a man committed a crime and tend to disregard why. To decide why a man committed a crime is just as important as to decide whether he committed it."

"Prison programs should be more directed to the why of criminal behavior," declared the Judge, "instead of just being human warehouses in which we dump people we have decided to punish, then forget about them. Once we segregate them from normal society, our interest in them has more or less been exhausted."

Last week a little chap of five was sitting in the waiting room and kept an eager eye on the turnkey as he slammed the key into the lock and opened the gate. After watching these actions for a while he suddenly jumped up and ran to the bars and jumping up and down, he cried out, "I want that key! Gimmie that key!" The Child's mother, quite overcome by the little chap's actions, quickly swept him up and deposited him on the chair beside her as the turnkey eyed the little revolutionary. Said one inmate as he came through the cage: "Yeh he'll probably wish he did have that key 15 years from now.

Prisons

The need grows daily for the remaking of our prisons and the reshaping of attitudes toward prisoners as patients for treatment, instead of prisoners for punishment. Overcrowded, subhuman conditions, and harsh, long sentences invite hopelessness and provide ripe breeding grounds for the criminal character to worsen, and finally be let loose as an emotionally disturbed misfit in an already troubled world.

Great though the jue and cry for law and order in our society and great though the danger of hardened criminals at large, excessive punishment has never proved a detterrent to crime.

Investigations for prison improvements have begun in some states with the physical changes already recommended, but let us hope that the element of love has been included and given full significance in the program. I believe that the majority of prisoners would respond to this great force eventually, and more so if their sentences were indeterminate. Such a law sould surely be an inducement for the prisoner to cooperate more with the prison staff.

Proffessional staff workers in the prison would then be in a position to evaluate progress and determine the right time for the prisoner to rejoin society.

"SUCKERS BY THE THOUSANDS"

The warden of a prison called in a man who was serving time for fraud. "I understand," said the warden, "that you're here because of an oil deal in which you wrote a prospectus so glowing that it sold the suckers by the thousand."

"That's right," said the prisoner. "I was a bit glowing in my praises."

"Well," the warden said, "the governor wants a report on conditions in the prison and I'd like you to write it for me."

"He who asks a question is a fool for five minutes; he who does not ask a question remains a fool forever."

Keep Montana Green - Bring your money

Human Elements Behind the Concrete Curtain

Recently, I read an editorial entitled "Death Penalty and the Viet-Nam War." It was written by a student from Furman University. Again, the all powerful press aided and abetted an individual in an attempt to undermine the public.

In the article, he knocked people who are not in favor of capital punishment. He knocked the war in Viet Nam. He says that some of the people who knock capital punishment say nothing of the men dying in Viet Nam. This, I feel, is a vague accusation. I don't know who he is referring to, and I doubt if he does. Why blame the convicted felon or the condemned man on death row for the war. Man, we didn't start the war, nor did we commit the cream of American youth to fight it. I'm sick and tired of reading such trash as this, and of demonstrations and etc. If the student doesn't want to fight, admit it and quit using the poor souls on death row for a scapegoat. I did my time in the Marine Corps and presently have two first cousins, (one enlisted and one an officer), fighting in Viet Nam. Give me back my freedom and I will leave for Viet Nam myself. Try me! Only one request would I make, don't put me fighting beside this cat from Furman because I'd hate to be rushed by a band of VC's and have him sitting there wondering why they haven't killed all the defenseless souls on "Death Row" and why are these people trying to blow off his pretty educated head. Sports fans.!!!

One thing more. I spent 4 years in college just as this young man, but there is one distinct difference in us today. I'm in prison where I've been afforded the opportunity to talk with each man on "Death Row". I am presently thinking of one young man who has been sitting in his 6'x6' cell now for over 5 years waiting for nothing but death. He never had a car; he never had the chance to go to college; he didn't even have decent clothes to wear in grammar school. Everyday of his life he saw you and I ride hastily by in our car. Everyday of his life he was reminded by the clothes on his back that he was inferior. Then one day he attempted to rob another and was forced to commit murder. He must be

punished but by whom. I ask that you search your soul and ask yourself this question since you represent our great society. When you see one less fortunate than yourself, do you spend a small portion of your time or oney in trying to help this poor unfortunate human being, or do you turn your head content with your lot in life? I wonder if some where along the line, if someone had taken this boy and shown an interest in him as a human being if today he would be on "Death Row" with society screaming for his life." As was once so wisely stated by a man who has truly tried to help others! "Except for the grace of God! There goes I." -About Face

Short Shorts

Mutt

On July the 8th thru the 10th, blood flowed freely in the Montana State Prison Theater, as Inmates donated 328 pints of blood, and the recipients was the Red Cross Regional Blood Center in Great Falls, Montana.

Temperatures were taken, pulses recorded and blood tests were given. Smiling nurses asked questions about individual medical histories and finally they hopped upon the table and the blood began to flow.

Everything went along smoothly and the convicts were served sandwiches and coffee. Some were a little flabbergasted when the nurses told them to drink lots of liquid and eat a good meal as soon as possible.

Pictures of the blood drawing appear on page 27.

Eight students (4 boys and 4 girls) from the Concordia College in Moorehead, Minnesota, were again in our dry community, to play and sing and give us a few good words on good Christian living. The first number that was sung, and to the amusement of everyone in the audience; the guitars came tumbling down. None of them broke however. The program was sponsored by A.O. Skibsrud, Chaplain for the Prison. The pictures that were taken of the show were a complete blank.

Those taking part in this show, are as follows: Wayne Deloach; Dave Lien; Don Glesne; Steve Asp; Paulette Korsmo; Kathy Aslakson; Joyce Cunningham; and Marti Kuss.

***

"One of the sadder facts of life is that it's quite possible to lend a hand and borrow trouble at the same time."

These pictures on this page show some of the gobblers that are raised out at the turkey ranch, northwest of the Trusty Quarters, out at Rothe Hall. The name of this gobble-gobble place is Ranch #7.

One Reason for the High Cost of Crime

by Ed Martin

Much has been written about the soaring cost of crime in the United States and undoubtedly more will be said and written about this issue, as the public becomes more aware of the heavy tax burden they are carrying.

A short time ago, we conducted a survey here, in an effort to find out where some of the tax money is going. Our survey covered 100 newly-arrived inmates here at O. S.P., and we recorded court cost, lengths of sentences, crimes and the amount stolen. Some were convicted of crimes against persons, where no money or property was taken; but we included those cases in our survey to keep it representative.

We were somewhat surprised and somewhat enlightened when we compiled our figures. We found that the cost of trying and imprisoning a man far exceded the amount he may have stolen. As a past (and future) taxpayer, we had cause to wonder what could be done to ease this tremendous burden

The results of our little survey may be alarming to some and ludicrous to others but they cannot be ignored. Space limits prevent us from making a detailed, in-depth presentation of the facts gathered; however, enough data is presented to enable you to get a better picture of some of the costs of crime and punishment.

Each of the 100 inmates had their day in court. Some pled guilty; others not guilty. The total court costs were $7,725.32. The 100 inmates received a cumulative total of 652 years and 3 months - or 6½ years per man. The monies and property stolen totaled $11,593.83.

The Federal Board of Parole states that a prisoner will serve an average of one-half his sentence before he makes parole. If we assume that all our 100 inmates make parole, they will have spent three years each here. Thus, it will cost the State of Oklahoma $492,750 to keep them in prison. Of course, many of them will not make parole, so the actual cost will be far greater.

To arrive at the above figure of the cost of incarceration, we cite the annual report of the U.S. Board of Parole. They state that it costs $4.50 per day and multiplied that figure by the amount of time an inmate spends in prison on his sentence. Thus, the 100 inmates

will serve 326 years here at a yearly cost per man of $1642.60 - which will amount to almost $500,000.

Of the 100 inmates surveyed 77% were convicted of crimes against property, and the remaining 23% of crimes against people. However, using them all in compiling the "take" averages out at $115.93 per man. This included one man who stole $8,000 and another who stole $1,142. If we were to omit those too and use the 77% figure the average per man would be only $31.83.

Our survey revealed one man who was convicted and sentenced to one year in prison for stealing a chicken valued at 79¢. If he serves one-half his time, it will cost the state $821.25 to keep him in prison, plus court costs of $110.75, for a total of $932!

One lad stole a bottle of milk and a roast beef sandwhich, with a total value of $1.00. He was sentenced to 2 years and his little meal will cost the taxpayers $1642.50 for keep and $220.20 for court costs, for a total of $1862.70!

This brings us to the thief who robbed a parking meter which contained 8¢. He was given a sentence of from 2 to 6 years, so the great parking meter robbery will nick the taxpayers for $4,927.50!

What is the answer to all this? Well, one of the answers would seem to be an increase in the number of paroles granted. When more prisoners are paroled, the savings to the taxpayers is substantial; and the record shows that most people make good on parole.

For example, if just <u>one</u> additional prisoner could be paroled and have his sentence shortened by only 6 months it would save the taxpayers $821.25. If 100 additional prisoners could be paroled, the net saving would be $82,125.50 - assuming, of course, that the trend would continue, with an eventual reduction of institutional facilities.

We have to disagree with those who say the present rate of parole should not be increased, because many of the prisoners are recidivists. There are many prisoners who would probably be good parole risks, but they never get the opportunity. They are released only at the expiration of their sentences, and are released with no supervision or guidance.

On the other hand, a person released on parole must have a job and a place to live. He is under close supervision at all times. Thus, it stands to reason that a parolee has a much better chance of making good.

PSYCHEDELIRIUM

How well can some of you remember some of the catchy phrases of yesterday? Possibly there are a few who can still remember some of the blasts from the past.

Below are some catchy words which might refresh your memory.

Remember when Hippie meant big in the hips, and a trip involved travel in cars, planes and ships? When Pot was a vessel for cooking things in, and hooked was what grandmothers rug might have been. When Fix was a verb that meant mend or repair, and Be-In meant simply existing somewhere. When Neat meant well organized, tidy and clean, and Grass was ground cover, normally green. When lights and not people were Turned On and Off, and the Pill might have been what you took for a cough. When Camp meant to guarantee out of doors and in a tent, and Pop was what the weasel went. When Groovy meant furrowed with channels and hollows, and Birds were winged creatures, like robins and swallows. When Fuzz was a substance that's fluffy like lint, and Bread came from bakeries, not from the mint. When Square meant a 90 degree frame and Cool meant a temperature not very warm. When Roll meant a bun, and Rock was a stone, and Hang-up was something you did to a phone. When Chicken meant poultry, and Bag meant a sack, and Junk was trash, castoffs and old bric-a-brac. When Jam was preserves that you spread on your bread, and Crazy meant balmy, not right in the head. When Cat was a feline, a kitten grown up, and Tea was a liquid you drank from a cup. When Swinger was someone who swung on a swing. And Pad was a soft cushioning thing. When Way-Out meant distance and far far away, and a man couldn't sue you for calling him Gay. When Dig meant to shovel and spade in the dirt, and Put-On was what you did with a shirt. When Tough described meat too unyielding to chew, and Making A Scene was a rude thing to do. Words once sensible, sober and serious are making the "freak scene" like "Psychedelirious."

It's "groovy, Man, Groovy", but English It's not. Me thinks that the language has gone straight to Pot.

"If you keep your mind sufficiently open, people will throw a lot of rubbish in it."

Human Relations

The ability to live with one's neighbor has been a sought after art down through the centuries. That some societies have achieved it to at least a limited degree is evident in history by temporary lulls between conflicts sometimes global in scope.

Perhaps one reason such periods of "peace" have been so scattered and so often interrupted is that, though much effort is sometimes spent in the attempt to solve the problem on a world-wide basis, too little attention is given it in its basic form.

Though often advocated by few, it is tragic that so many actually fail to seek harmonious relationships within a society at an elementary level.

The responsibility is individual. It must be accepted and practiced as such if the squareness and benefits are ever to be expanded into the larger conepts of society.

As inmates of a penal institution we have no choice in selection of elected officials at any level, yet we still have thesame individual responsibility as our counterparts in free society. This starts of necessity with the man next door or the individual working next to us.

Especially in an environment as confining as this and with the added tensions known only to those incarcerated, an individual effort must be made to make life tolerable to any significant degree.

For the prisoner there is the added advantage that if this individual responsibility can be developed during his incarceration, the chances for later adjustment into "free society" will be greatly enhanced. --Spectator

* * * * *

A poor little boy wrote a sad letter telling of his sick brother, his pregnant mother, and his unemployed father. Asking for $100 to save his family, he addressed the letter to "God" and mailed it. Somehow it ended right in the hands of the Postmaster General in the nation's Capitol. He read it, slipped $5 into an envelope and sent it on. A week later there was another letter from the same little boy: "Dear God, received the money and thank you. But next time, please don't send it through Washington. They took 95 percent.

Around-the-Fire Council

By A.F. Charlo

Once upon a time back when the whitemen and Indians were at war, a meeting took place in a large Indian village of four big chiefs.

The Council was made-up of Head Chief, Joseph, Chief Red Cloud, Chief Sitting Bull, and Chief Crazy Horse.

Now, we take our minds back in time as I monitor each scene of this historical meeting:

We hear Chief Joseph call to his wife to bring him a do-it-yourself kit. His wife returns with the kit. Chief Joseph opens the box and begins to study a piece of paper. As the other chiefs watch curiously and are puzzled of what the head chief is doing, one inquires, "My great Chief Joseph what are thou doing?"

Chief Joseph looks up in dismay and slowly answers, "Me send for peace pipe from Sears catologue and me can't figure out instructions to assemble."

An other chief talks, "If it is a peace pipe, just put piece by piece together and you'll have-um peace pipe."

The Head Chief Joseph shakes his head with a few finger motions then sighs, "Ah-h-h-h, me fix-um unmentionable peace pipe. Now, Council begin." He sternly tosses the instruction papers into the big fire.

Silence is among the chiefs, but the big fire talks in a wild snap, pop and a few crackles. Sparks flake out here and there; then drift upward in bright little dots to slowly vanish. The fire roars and licks at the sky with pointed tongues and refects in the eyes of each chief.

Chief Joseph has now put tobacco into the bowl of the peace pipe and with powerful arms he pushes himself up to stand. He digs in a tiny pouch hanging from his left shoulder; then dips his fingers in his vest pocket. In a puzzled voice, he admits he can't find a match to light the peace pipe. One of the other chiefs hands him a cigarette lighter and asks the head chief not to lose it, because it is four-ninety-five Ronson which was in his family since Columbus came to America.

Smoke starts to flow from the new peace pipe. Chief Joseph takes a few puffs from it and hands the lighter back to its owner, "Have your four-ninety-five Ronson back because me have-um whole box of stick matches in my

tepee made by the Diamond Match Company, but I can't say they have been in my family very long; because when the fire goes out only magic stick remains. The stick with no more magic is tossed away."

Then Chief Joseph becomes serious and puts his hands up for the other chiefs to be very quiet. After a long draw of smoke from the wondrous pipe, Chief Joseph looks up to the sky and lets the blue-white smoke escape mostly from his mouth. In a long stillness with his face toward the sky, Chief Joseph, as if i a trans, raises both hands with arms extended and is extremely earnest in thought. Then in a low, clear voice the head chief speaks, "Ah-h-h-h, what a beautiful night, just look at those bright stars. I have spoken and I shall give the peace pipe next to Chief Red Cloud. Red Cloud you smoke-um peace pipe now and speak great words of honor."

In a wide smile Chief Red Cloud takes the peace pipe and also draws smoke from it and raises his head toward the sky; then lets the blue-white smoke run free mostly from his mouth. He holds himself erect with bright eyes looking at the stars in a thoughtful mood. Now, he speaks words of wisdom, "Twinkle, twinkle little star I wonder what you are. You could be a satellite but...."

"O.K., O.K., let's knock off the funny stuff," Chief Joseph states sternly and continues, "As you know our families are at stake in this war and..."

"Gee, I wish I was at a steak, in fact, I could eat a whole cow," laughs Chief Red Cloud. "Oh, all right, all right, so I must talk serious," and he returns to a thoughtful posture; arms extended and looks up at the heavens in deep thought. After scanning the heavily lighted sky of stars he asks, "Hey! where is the moon?"

"Never mind where the moon is and hand the pipe over to Sitting Bull," Chief Joseph frowns and tells Red Cloud in a serious voice.

Chief Sitting Bull takes the peace pipe and holds it for a minute and then takes a long drag. He inhales the smoke; and after a minute, he weaves with eyes wide open and coughs and then talks, "Man, that don't taste like weed, but man, it's a weed worth smoking. Well, all I got to say is that my people want peace with white man."

"Ah-h-h-h, come off of it Chief Sitting Bull. You talk like your last name, Bull," Chief Red Cloud yells at Chief Sitting Bull.

Chief Red Cloud shrugges his shoulders and smiles a few words, "What's the difference. Peace is peace, no matter how you look at it."

"Cool down you two guys, and Chief Sitting Bull talk words of wisdom," Chief Joseph shouts at the two chiefs.

"All right," begins Chief Sitting Bull, "Here is an old German prayer: God grant me the serenity to accept the things that I cannot change and the...hey! give me back the pipe, I was only faking. Come on, Chief Joseph, don't get serious."

"Either you talk good Indian or out you go from the Council meeting," warns Chief Joseph.

Chief Sitting Bull takes back the pipe that Chief Joseph hands him. Chief Sitting Bull speaks, "Many moons my people suffered from white man's evil guns and at the same moons, my people wasted many pints of precious blood. So that some day my people can donate this blood, I say that my people want peace with white man. Besides, my people would like to see a few other moons." After putting the pipe down, Chief Sitting Bull pounds on his chest and announces, "I have spoken!" He then hands the pipe to Chief Crazy Horse.

Taking the peace pipe with a big smile, Chief Crazy Horse examines the pipe and comments, "Hey! this pipe is one of those hardwood maples, huh, Chief Joseph? I bet you payed heap big stack of buffalo nickles for it."

"Come on! Crazy Horse, take a puff of the pipe and forget the nonsense," growls Chief Joseph.

Chief Crazy Horse takes a puff of the pipe and looks up at the sky. Suddenly, he lets the smoke flow out of his nose and takes another puff; he speaks, "This smoke it's cool, man. I think I will stop L and M's and get with this stuff. Chief Joseph, what kind of tobacco do you use in your pipe? It sure is mild. No tough bit. No stupid taste."

"I use the best, Prince Albert smoking tobacco. The greatest tobacco. The greatest tobacco since the whites discovered our tobacco weed," Chief Joseph tells Crazy Horse and continues, "Now that the commercial is over, on with your great talk."

In a long silence, Chief Crazy Hor[illegible] and then speaks, "As I look to the east, I see a yellow ball float over the mountain. It is a mystical scen..."

"Why don't you say the moon is coming over the mountain, and that man will some day land there in a spacecraft instead of your long outdrawn quotations?" questions Red Cloud.

Chief Crazy Horse looks at Chief Red Cloud and states, "You were the one who said where's the moon. This is why I thought I would bring it to your attention. Now, let me talk so I can talk my words of wisdom."

"All right, but get off the moon bit," Chief Red Cloud tells Crazy Horse.

Chief Crazy Horse speaks, "Since all your chiefs talk foolish, Chief Joseph, I say that we should unite and fight, fight, fight, We old braves will go to war and let these little 98 cent kids carry their banners that say: 'Hell no, we won't go.' Let them smoke their pot and drop their acid and we old braves will heroically scream: 'You damn right, we will fight.' And when the white man stops fighting, we will trade him our furs for his evil guns and sign peace treaties."

"Very wise talk Chief Crazy Horse. I would like to make this into a motion. Who is gonna second it?" Chief Joseph talks and questions.

"What do you mean--motion? How did physics get into this conversation, anyway?" Crazy Horse laughs.

Chief Joseph ignores Crazy Horse's taunting and calls his wife over to his side and tells the Council that he must ask her opinion before he makes a decision on peace terms with the white man. He then whispers something into the ear of his wife. Suddenly, Chief Joseph's wife oops him across the face.

"Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho," Chief Crazy Horse laughs and then asks Joseph why his wife busted him across the face.

Chief Joseph grins slyly and talks in a smiling voice, "I told my wife that since all of you chiefs mentioned something about peace,

There you are, the historical meeting of [illegible] chiefs, each representing his own reservation--I mean, rights and people. The only time they assemble for a meeting is whenever their people are threatened with destruction by the white man. Some are for peace and some are against it. Either way that the vote goes, it is sure to be a wise decision.

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